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№ 18-JULY

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

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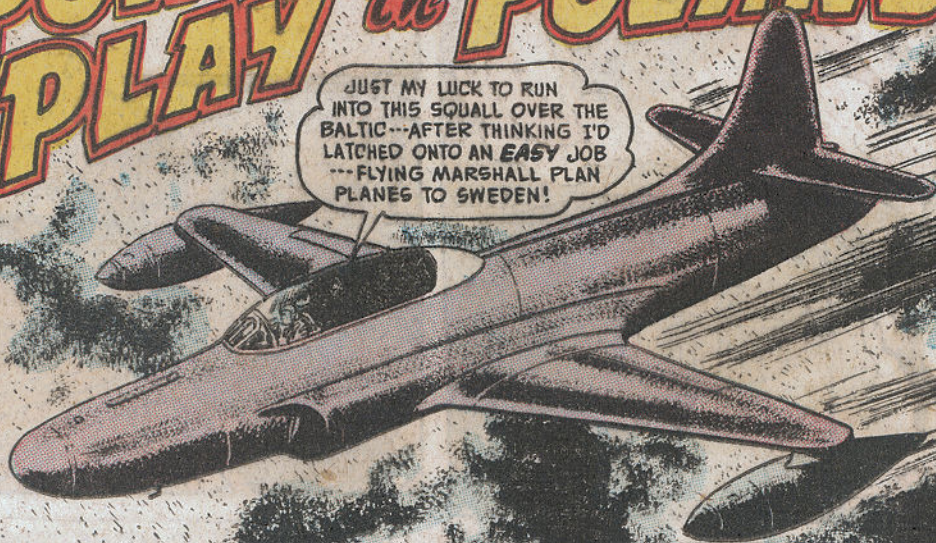
County _____ State _____

Occupation _____

Age _____ Phone _____

POWER PLAY *in* POLAND

JUST MY LUCK TO RUN INTO THIS SQUALL OVER THE BALTIC---AFTER THINKING I'D LATCHED ONTO AN *EASY* JOB --- FLYING MARSHALL PLAN PLANES TO SWEDEN!



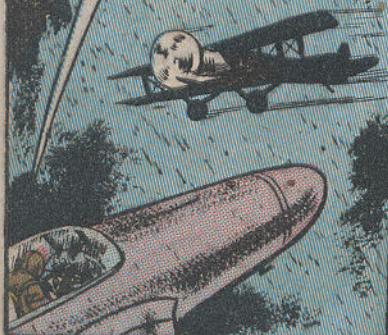
FUEL'S TOO LOW TO REACH STOCKHOLM---I'LL HAVE TO TURN SOUTH AND TRY TO MAKE **WARSAW!** THE REDS ARE PRETTY TOUGH ABOUT "SPYING" FLIGHTS FROM WESTERN EUROPE---BUT THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN WILL BE A FEW DAYS' DETENTION---AFTER WHICH THEY'LL GRUDGINGLY FILL MY TANKS AND CLEAR THE PLANE FOR SWEDEN!

WHEN AN AMERICAN PILOT FINDS HIMSELF UP AGAINST A MYSTERIOUS FLYING ANTIQUE---PLUS THE KIND OF RUTHLESS MANHUNT THAT MAKES RED EUROPE A STRONGHOLD OF TERROR---YOU'VE GOT ALL THE EXPLOSIVE INGREDIENTS NEEDED FOR A **POWER PLAY IN POLAND!**



FORTY MILES FROM WARSAW---

YE GODS---IS THAT A **BIPLANE?** THAT THING MUST BE AT LEAST THIRTY YEARS OLD---WHAT'S IT DOING IN A COUNTRY THAT PRIDES ITSELF ON ITS MODERN AIR FORCE?

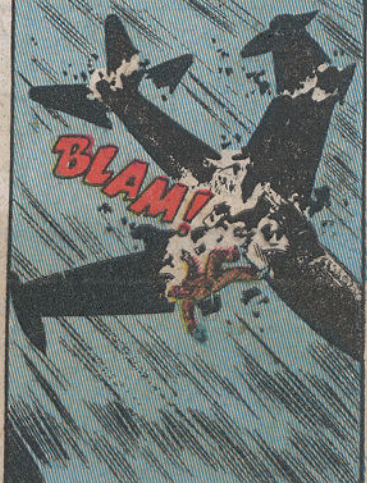


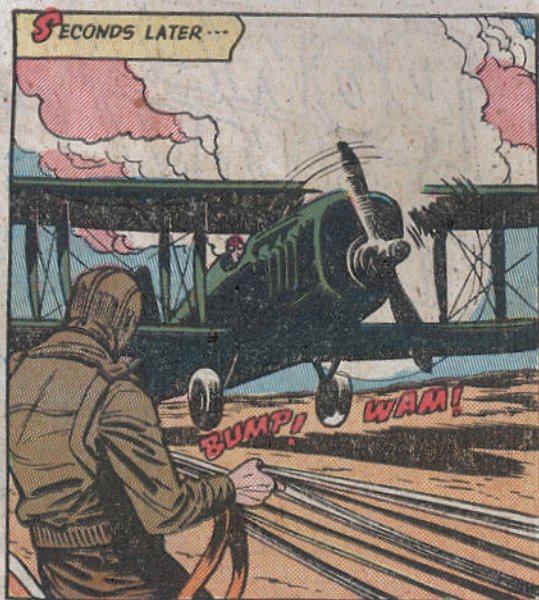
SUDDENLY---

HOLY SMOKE! THAT ANTIQUE CRATE **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN AN OPTICAL ILLUSION --- BUT IT'S **GONE!**



IN THE NEXT SHATTERING INSTANT---





TAKE THE PLANE TO SWEDEN!
THAT'S ALL I ASK---GET TO
NEUTRAL TERRITORY!

OPEN
UP
WITH
THE
MACHINE
GUN!



A FEW SHORT
BURSTS WILL
FINISH
HIM!

RAT.
TAT.
TAT!

THE FOOL
MUST REALIZE
A RELIC LIKE
THAT HASN'T GOT
A CHANCE---HE'S
LUMBERING
RIGHT INTO
OUR LINE OF
FIRE!



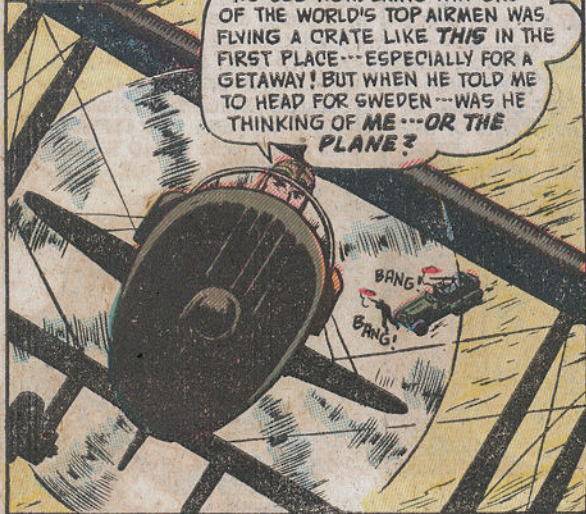
Then...WITH A SUDDEN SWOOP---

YESSIR---THERE'S
LIFE IN THE OLD
GIRL YET!

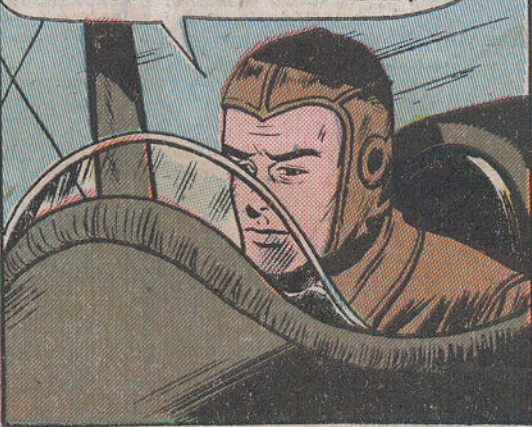


WITH THE RATTLE OF SMALL ARMS FADING IN THE
DISTANCE---

NO USE WONDERING WHY ONE
OF THE WORLD'S TOP AIRMEN WAS
FLYING A CRATE LIKE **THIS** IN THE
FIRST PLACE---ESPECIALLY FOR A
GETAWAY! BUT WHEN HE TOLD ME
TO HEAD FOR SWEDEN---WAS HE
THINKING OF ME---OR THE
PLANE?



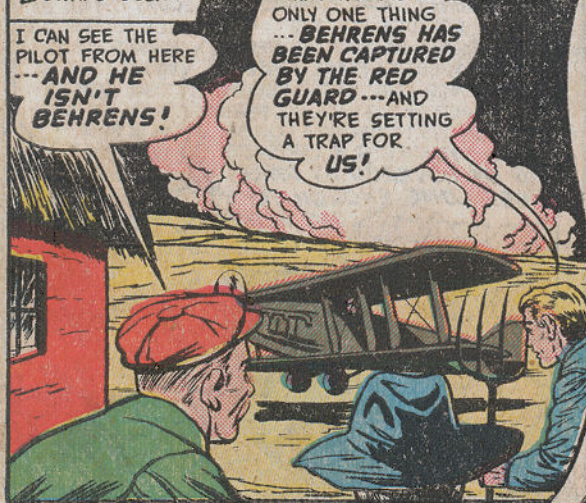
ANYWAY---ARNO BEHRENS WAS ONE OF MY HEROES
WHEN I WAS STILL PLAYING WITH MODEL KITS---
**AND I'M NOT LEAVING POLAND WITHOUT
TRYING TO HELP HIM!** SEEMS I REMEMBER
HE LIVED IN A PLACE CALLED **NIEPIA**, NEAR
WARSZAWA---SO I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A CHANCE
ON PICKING UP MY FIRST LEADS **THERE!**



TOWARD DUSK---

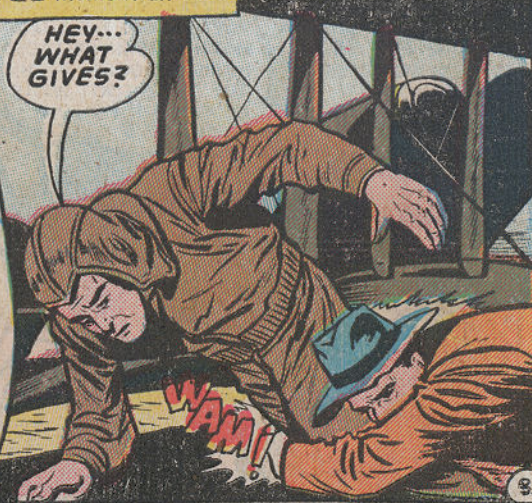
I CAN SEE THE
PILOT FROM HERE
---AND HE
**ISN'T
BEHRENS!**

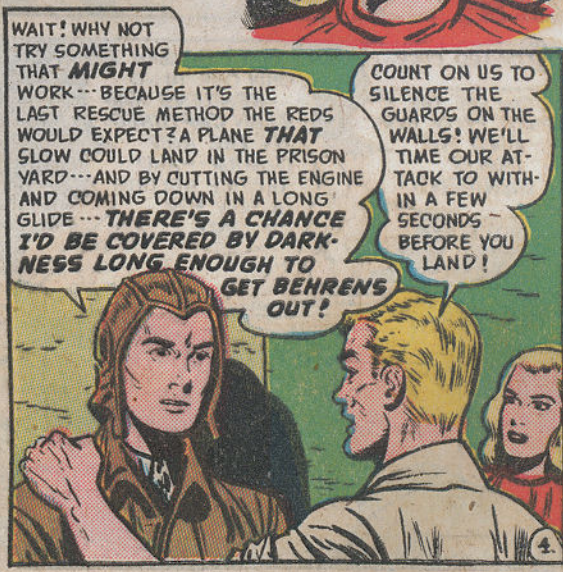
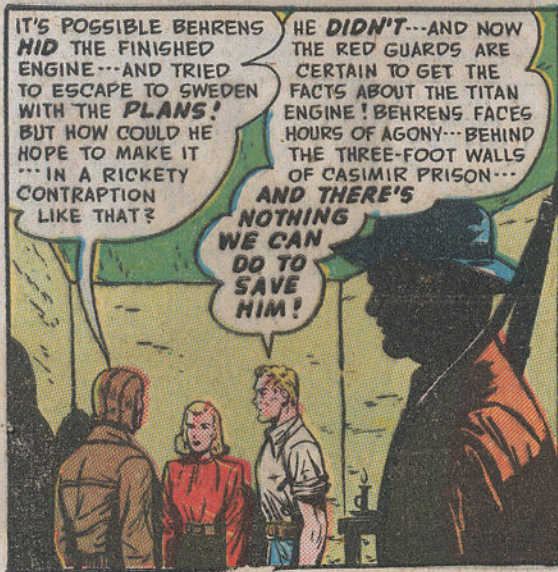
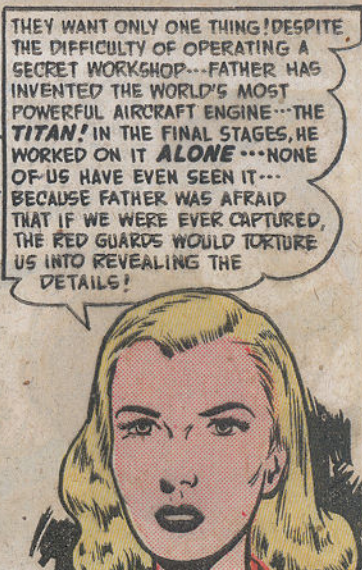
THAT CAN MEAN
ONLY ONE THING
---**BEHRENS HAS
BEEN CAPTURED
BY THE RED
GUARD---**AND
THEY'RE SETTING
A TRAP FOR
US!

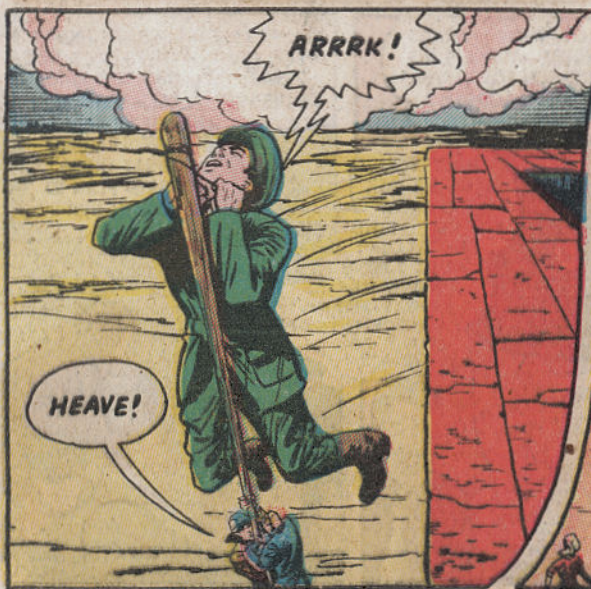
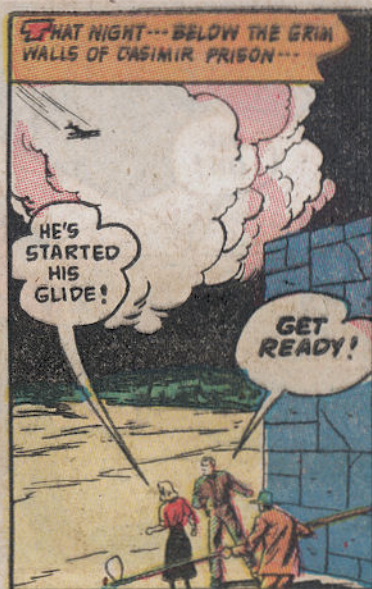
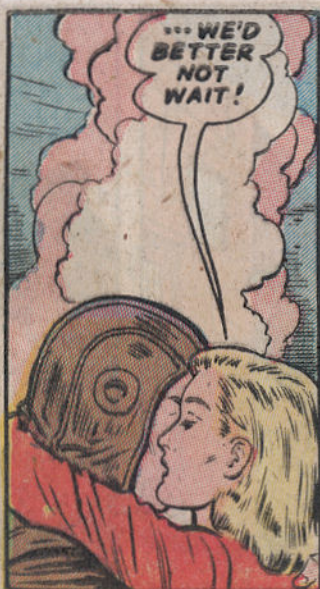


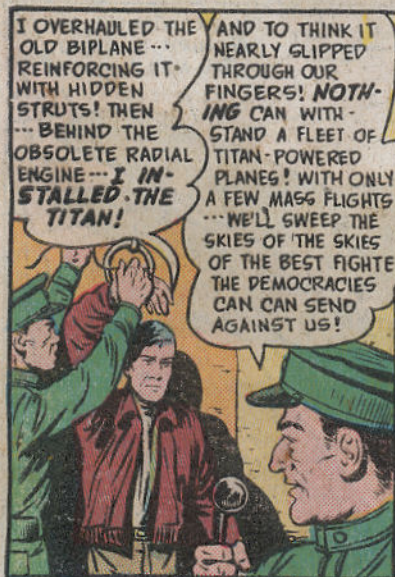
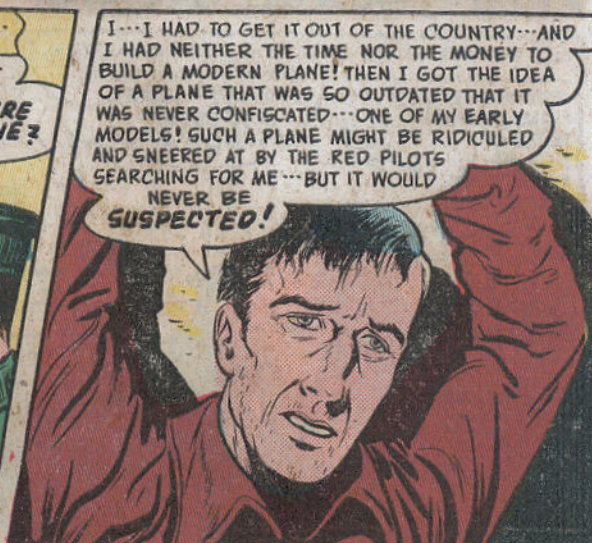
A MOMENT LATER---

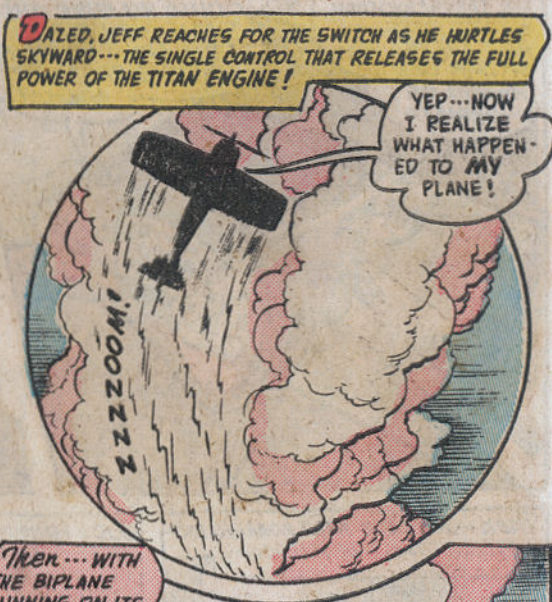
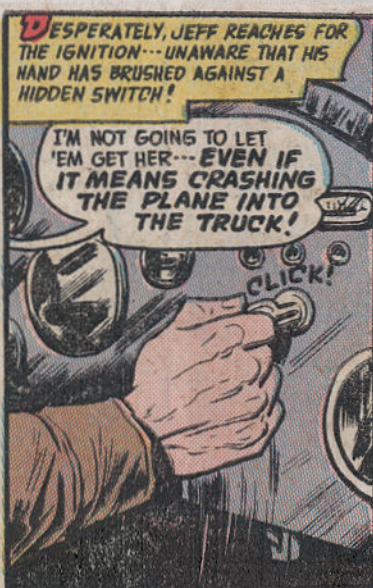
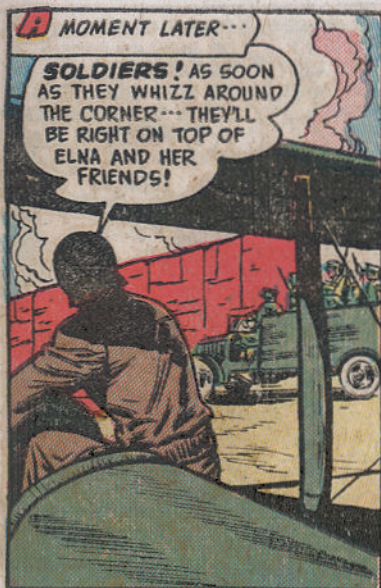
HEY---
WHAT
GIVES?







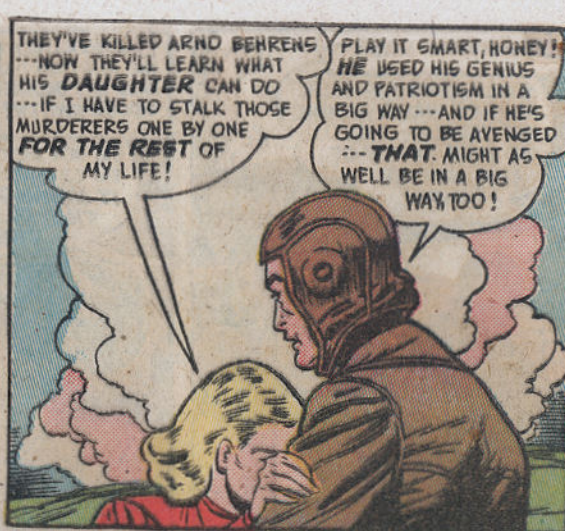






IT WAS TOO MUCH TO HOPE THAT YOU WOULD BE ABLE TO FREE BEHRENS... BUT AT LEAST WE'VE LEARNED HIS SECRET! WE OTHERS CAN GO INTO HIDING, JEFF... BUT IT'S UP TO YOU TO REACH SWEDEN WITH THE TITAN... **AND ELNA!**

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU TWO WILL HAVE TO BRACE YOURSELVES FOR! THEY'VE SHOT BEHRENS... AND AN ARMORED UNIT'S ON ITS WAY TO DO A JOB ON NIEPIA!



THEY'VE KILLED ARNO BEHRENS... NOW THEY'LL LEARN WHAT HIS DAUGHTER CAN DO... IF I HAVE TO STALK THOSE MURDERERS ONE BY ONE **FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!**

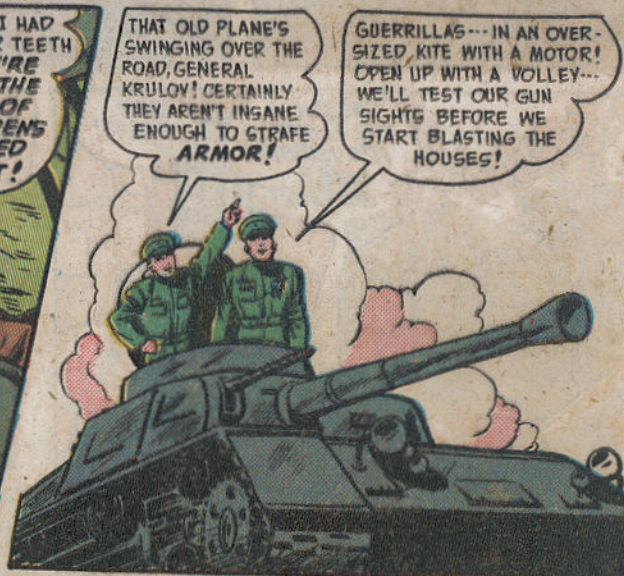
PLAY IT SMART, HONEY! HE USED HIS GENIUS AND PATRIOTISM IN A BIG WAY... AND IF HE'S GOING TO BE AVENGED... **THAT** MIGHT AS WELL BE IN A BIG WAY TOO!



MINUTES LATER...

JEFF... THERE ARE THE TANKS! ANOTHER HUNDRED YARDS... AND THEY'LL BE WITHIN GUN RANGE OF NIEPIA!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAD IN MIND! GRIT YOUR TEETH AND HANG ON... **WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THE TITAN THE KIND OF TEST ARNO BEHRENS MUST'VE DREAMED ABOUT!**



THAT OLD PLANE'S SWINGING OVER THE ROAD, GENERAL KRULOV! CERTAINLY THEY AREN'T INSANE ENOUGH TO STRAFE **ARMOR!**

GUERRILLAS... IN AN OVER-SIZED KITE WITH A MOTOR! OPEN UP WITH A VOLLEY... WE'LL TEST OUR GUN SIGHTS BEFORE WE START BLASTING THE HOUSES!



Then... WITH THE TITAN ROARING LIKE A DEFIANT SYMBOL OF FREEDOM...

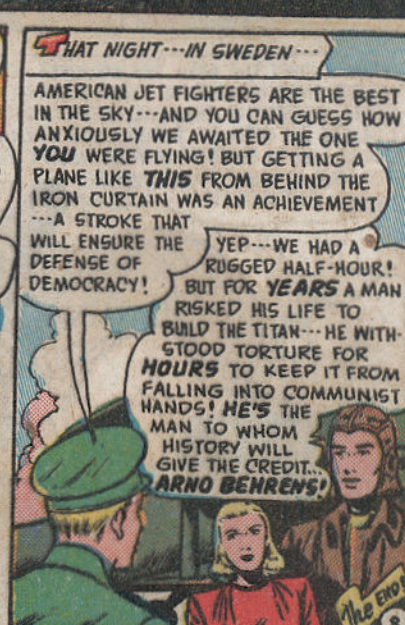
WOOOSH!

CRASH! BLAM!



GOOD HEAVENS, JEFF... THE ENTIRE ARMORED COLUMN'S SMASHED!

YEP... LIKE EGG-SHELLS! I'M HITCHING TO GIVE THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE AT CASIMIR PRISON THE SAME KIND OF GOING-OVER... BUT WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH FUEL TO REACH STOCKHOLM!

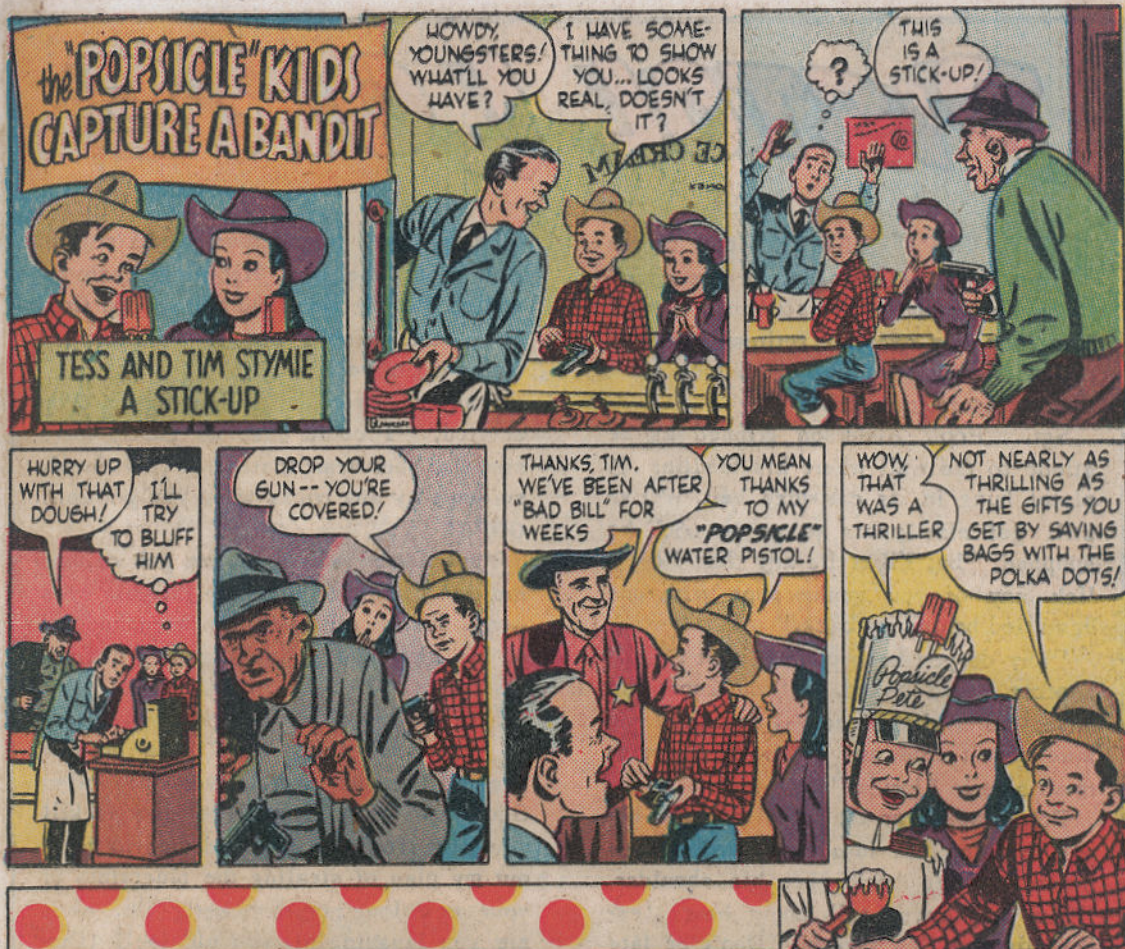


THAT NIGHT... IN SWEDEN...

AMERICAN JET FIGHTERS ARE THE BEST IN THE SKY... AND YOU CAN GUESS HOW ANXIOUSLY WE AWAITED THE ONE YOU WERE FLYING! BUT GETTING A PLANE LIKE **THIS** FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN WAS AN ACHIEVEMENT... A STROKE THAT WILL ENSURE THE DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY!

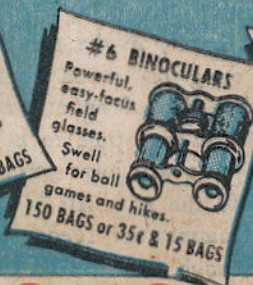
YEP... WE HAD A RUGGED HALF-HOUR! BUT FOR **YEARS** A MAN RISKED HIS LIFE TO BUILD THE TITAN... HE WITHSTOOD TORTURE FOR **HOURS** TO KEEP IT FROM FALLING INTO COMMUNIST HANDS! HE'S THE MAN TO WHOM HISTORY WILL GIVE THE CREDIT... **ARNO BEHRENS!**

THE END!



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...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



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PISTOL LORE

HEY, POP," SHOUTED one of the young M. P.'s lolling in the guard-room, "how come you're still in the army? You look way over the retirement age of 65...with that gray hair, you look older than my great-grandfather!"

Sgt. "Pop" Anderson grinned as he strode to the wall where his familiar .45 pistol hung in its cartridge belt. "I've still got nine years to go to 65," he snapped, "but I'll retire any time I can't lick any of you young pups with one hand tied behind my back."

"Why do you keep packing that Colt?" another guard asked. "You know you haven't fired that since V-J day...and you sure won't find any bears to shoot at down here in Florida."

Pop strapped on the pistol belt and began walking out into the howling rain-storm, calling back over his shoulder, "You can never tell about bears...especially the Red variety! Don't be late in reliev'in' me tonight, boys...it's kinda wet out!"

Slogging through the mud to his usual post at the East Gate of the Banana Range, Pop ruefully thought of the time long ago when he had been as young as those sarcastic kids. He always grinned when they made cracks about his age and usefulness to the Army...but inwardly, he winced at the hurt. Over and over again he told himself that some day he'd teach them that an old dog could still bite, could still be useful to a master he'd served most of his life.

An hour later, while the summer lightning lit up the night sky and thunder crashed down deafeningly, Pop had the chance he'd been waiting for...

In one brief but brilliant lightning flash, Pop spied a crouched figure sniping away a section of the barbed wire fence that enclosed the rocket range. Drawing his pistol, he began running

through the treacherous underfooting. And when the next lightning flash revealed that the man held a gun, Pop fired once...and grinned as the man dropped with a cry of pain.

Standing over the fallen figure, Pop snorted, "I could just as easily have aimed at your heart instead of your hand, so don't try any tricks when you get up... OOF!"

Pop clawed wildly at the gob of mud the man had flung viciously into his eyes...and then he felt his pistol wrenched out of his hand and a fist slamming against his jaw.

"So the tables are turned, as you say in your language, eh?" the prowler sneered as he stood over the fallen figure of Pop. "It will be easy to kill you now with your gun, and then to carry out my plan of stealing the blueprints of your new long-range rocket! Eh...what are you laughing at, you old fool? One bullet will stop your laughter...forever!"

Grinning, Pop unfastened the billie-club from his belt and stood up. "Go ahead and pull the trigger...and we'll soon see who's the fool!"

Spitting out an angry oath, the spy pulled the trigger once...twice...three times...only to hear three metallic clicks. And then the spy heard no more as Pop's club descended on his head in a vicious arc!

Later, in the guard-room, Pop told his young but awed audience, "Sure, when the clip of an automatic is kept loaded for a long time in between use, the slip spring will have too much tension in it... and the gun will jam after the first shot because the feeder spring doesn't have enough elasticity to push any more shells into the chamber. Maybe now you'll admit an old dog can teach you some new tricks!"

The VANISHING DIPLOMAT



THE NEWS STUNNED WASHINGTON, SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE ACROSS THE NATION! HECTOR MCBRIDE, BRILLIANT CAREER STATESMAN, HAD TURNED TRAITOR --- DESERTED HIS COUNTRY --- GONE OVER TO THE REDS! YET, DESPITE WHAT SEEMED POSITIVE PROOF, SECRET AGENT JEFF LONG COULDN'T BELIEVE THE FACTS! TO STAMP THEM FALSE, HE WENT ON A DANGER-PACKED TRAIL IN SEARCH OF... *The VANISHING DIPLOMAT!*

IT ALL STARTED WHEN JEFF RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM DIPLOMAT HECTOR MCBRIDE---

OKAY, HECK--- I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! WHAT'S IT ABOUT--- SOMETHING IMPORTANT?

VERY IMPORTANT, JEFF! TELL YOU LATER!



JEFF IS GREETED BY MCBRIDE'S SECRETARY---

I'M SORRY, BUT MR. MCBRIDE WAS CALLED TO A CONFERENCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE! HE WANTS YOU TO WAIT HERE!

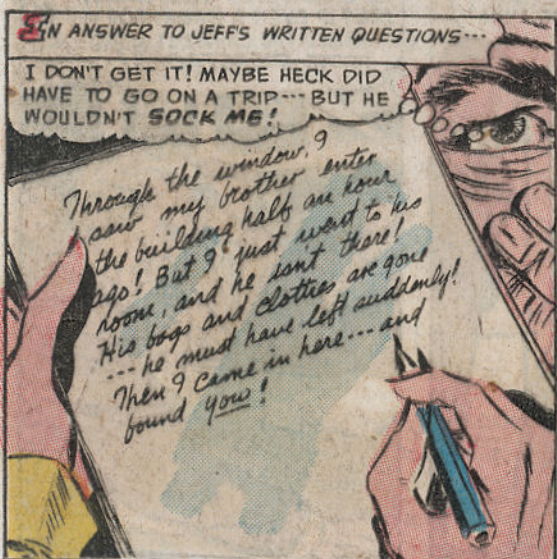
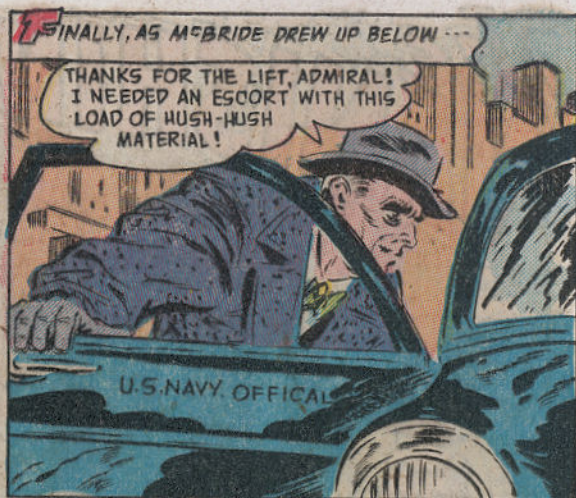
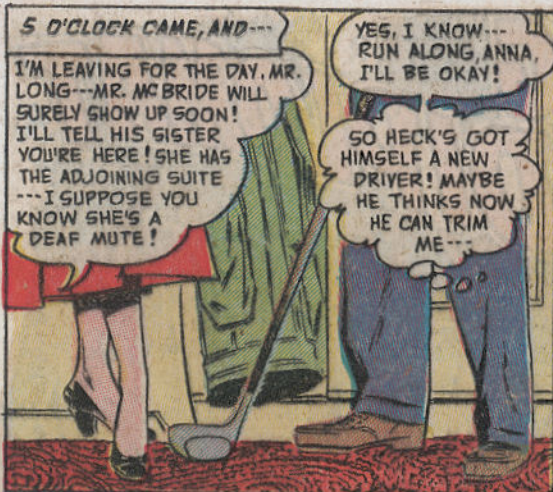
HOPE HE WON'T BE LONG, ANNA!



EVEN THEN---AT A MOMENTOUS CONFERENCE---

GENTLEMEN, WE ARE FACED WITH MOMENTOUS DECISIONS REGARDING NATIONAL SECURITY! WHAT IS DISCUSSED HERE MUST BE CONSIDERED **CONFIDENTIAL**! IF EVEN A BREATH OF IT REACHED THE ENEMY, IT MIGHT PROVE **DISASTROUS**!





THE SECRET AGENTS SPENT THE NIGHT BACK-TRACKING ON MCBRIDE, HUNTING VAINLY FOR SOME CLUE TO WHERE HE HAD GONE! BUT THE TRAIL HAD VANISHED!

BEATS ME, CHIEF! MCBRIDE REACHED HIS APARTMENT BUILDING AND WAS TAKEN UP IN THE ELEVATOR---WE'VE PLENTY OF WITNESSES! BUT AFTER THAT---HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

THIS LOOKS **SERIOUS**! HE HAD A BRIEF CASE FULL OF TOP SECRET DATA---I'LL PUT THE WHOLE FORCE ON THE JOB!

AND WHEN THE NEWS REACHED THE PRESS---

The SUN
DIPLOMAT DISAPPEARS!

Daily Journal-News
HECTOR MCBRIDE MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING!

EVENING STAR
SEARCH FOR MCBRIDE SPREADS TO NATION!

HECTOR MCBRIDE, HIGH GOVERNMENT DIPLOMAT, IS STILL MISSING! THERE IS A REPORT THAT HE HAS FLED THE COUNTRY AND GONE OVER TO THE REDS!

MCBRIDE A TRAITOR? OF ALL THE STUPID NONSENSE!

TROUBLE IS ONCE A STORY LIKE THAT GETS OUT, IT'LL SPREAD LIKE MAD!

BY MORNING THE STORY HAD SPREAD---AND SNOWBALLED!

HEAR THE NEWS? HECTOR MCBRIDE WAS A **RED AGENT**!

---AND HE TOOK **ATOMIO SECRETS** WITH HIM!

THEY SAY THE RAT'S IN **MOSCOW**!

THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S IN A PANIC, CHIEF! PEOPLE ARE BELIEVING THE WILDEST RUMORS! HOW CAN WE STOP IT?

WAIT A MINUTE---**HELLO! WHAT'S THAT?**

THEY'VE JUST FOUND A REEL OF MOTION PICTURE FILM ON THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS WITH A NOTE ATTACHED READING, **"RUN OFF THIS FILM FOR INFORMATION ABOUT MCBRIDE!"**

A FILM!

WHEN THE FILM WAS RUN OFF---

IT'S---IT'S **HECTOR MCBRIDE! HOLY COW!**

SHHHH---LISTEN! THE SOUND TRACK'S CARRYING HIS VOICE!

I TAKE THIS MEANS OF NOTIFYING MY FORMER ASSOCIATES THAT I HAVE LEFT MY COUNTRY FOR GOOD! IT WILL BE USELESS TO SEARCH FOR ME! I AM IN A PLACE OUT OF THE UNITED STATES AND WILL SOON BE IN MOSCOW!



I--- I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NOT HECK MCBRIDE!



YOU SAW AND HEARD FOR YOURSELF! WITH THE SECRETS HE TOOK WITH HIM, AMERICA'S IN TROUBLE!



REFUSING TO BELIEVE, JEFF AGAIN FRANTICALLY SEARCHED FOR A LEAD WHICH MIGHT SOLVE THE INCREDIBLE MYSTERY! BUT IT WAS USELESS!

RUN THAT FILM OFF AGAIN, WILL YOU, PAUL?

YOU'VE SEEN IT A DOZEN TIMES, JEFF! WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO DO, TORTURE YOURSELF? MCBRIDE'S A DIRTY TRAITOR AND --- WELL, OKAY!



--- I HAVE LEFT MY COUNTRY FOR GOOD! IT WILL BE USELESS TO SEARCH FOR ME ---

HE'S GOT ME ALMOST CONVINCED! BUT WHY WOULD HE HAVE CALLED AND ASKED ME TO COME TO HIS PLACE IF HE'D PLANNED TO DISAPPEAR?



THE POOR GUY! HE JUST WON'T BELIEVE THAT HIS FRIEND HAS TURNED RAT---

I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HECK'S SISTER! MAYBE SHE'S THOUGHT OF SOMETHING---



BUT CORA MCBRIDE HAD ONLY HER GRIEF---AND THE MUTENESS WHICH IMPRISONED HER---

--- I WISH I COULD USE DEAF AND DUMB LANGUAGE! THIS BUSINESS OF WRITING EVERYTHING --- SAY!



FOR ONE SPLIT SECOND JEFF STOOD TRANSFIXED AS AN IDEA EXPLODED IN HIS BRAIN! THEN, SEIZING THE STARTLED WOMAN BY THE ARM, HE RUSHED HER TO A TAXI, AND---

RUN OFF THAT FILM AGAIN, BOYS! I WANT MISS MCBRIDE TO HEAR WHAT HER BROTHER HAD TO SAY!

JEFF'S REALLY GONE OFF HIS ROCKER! BRINGING IN A DEAF MUTE TO HEAR A TALKIE---WE'D BETTER HUMOR HIM!



TENSELY, JEFF WATCHED CORA MCBRIDE AS THE FILM UNREELLED! HE SAW HER GROWING EXCITEMENT AS SHE SCRAWLED RAPID NOTES ON A PAD OF PAPER---

IF ONLY MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!



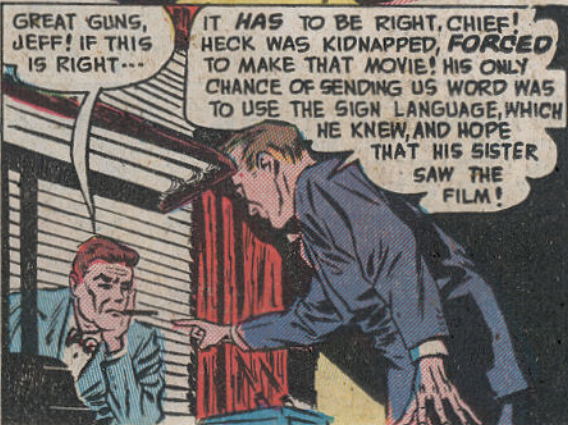
THE FILM ENDED, THE LIGHTS WENT ON---AND CORA THRUST THE PAD AT JEFF!

WOW! I WONDERED WHY HE GESTURED SO MUCH WHEN HE SPOKE! NOW TO TELL THE CHIEF!

My brother used deaf and dumb signs while speaking! they said, LODGE AT PINE LAKE, MANITOBA. HURRY!

GREAT GUNS, JEFF! IF THIS IS RIGHT---

IT HAS TO BE RIGHT, CHIEF! HECK WAS KIDNAPPED, FORCED TO MAKE THAT MOVIE! HIS ONLY CHANCE OF SENDING US WORD WAS TO USE THE SIGN LANGUAGE, WHICH HE KNEW, AND HOPE THAT HIS SISTER SAW THE FILM!



HERE'S PINE LAKE---UP IN NORTHERN ALBERTA, CANADA! THE REDS PROBABLY INTEND TO TAKE MCBRIDE TO RUSSIA BY AIR---WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST IF WE'RE TO STOP 'EM!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, CHIEF---



JEFF'S IDEA WAS CARRIED OUT! WITHIN TWO HOURS, HE TOOK OFF FOR THE NORTHWEST BY SPEEDY JET PLANE! CANADIAN OFFICIALS HAD BEEN ALERTED---

GIVE IT ALL YOU HAVE! THIS MEANS LIFE --- OR DEATH!



THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE BASE AT SIMCOE, ALBERTA... WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF PINE LAKE...

GLIDER AND TOW PLANE READY TO LEAVE, MR. LONG
---CORPORAL KEEFER OF THE MOUNTED WILL GO WITH YOU! HE KNOWS THE DISTRICT AROUND PINE LAKE BLINDFOLDED!

GOOD... GLAD TO KNOW YOU, CORPORAL! WE MAY BE IN FOR **ROUGH GOING!**

THE RCAP PLANE TOOK OFF, TOWING THE MOTORLESS CRAFT...

WHEN WE'RE AT TEN THOUSAND, WE'LL RELEASE THE TOW ROPE! WE'LL BE CLOSE ENOUGH THEN TO GLIDE EASILY TO THE VICINITY OF PINE LAKE! SMART PLAN OF YOURS, MR. LONG!

I FIGURED WE'D HAVE TO TAKE THOSE REDS WHO ARE HOLDING MCBRIDE BY SURPRISE! IT WOULD MEAN HIS DEATH IF THEY GOT WISE WE WERE COMING! A GLIDER SEEMED THE ONLY ANSWER!

THE CABLE'S DISCONNECTED ---WE'RE ON OUR OWN!...WHAT'S ---WRONG? DID YOU FORGET SOMETHING?

NO! I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!

WHEN HECK'S SECRETARY WAS LEAVING THE APARTMENT THAT AFTERNOON, SHE SAID SHE'D TELL HIS SISTER I WAS THERE! BUT CORA MCBRIDE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND ME IN THE PLACE! ---I GUESS ANNA JUST FORGOT, BUT IT SEEMS **FUNNY!**

MEANWHILE, IN WASHINGTON...

MISS MCBRIDE HAS CHANGED! INSTEAD OF BEING WORRIED, SHE SEEMS ALMOST **HAPPY!** I MUST FIND OUT WHY!

Good news about your brother perhaps, Miss Mc Bride?
Yes! Jeff Long knows where he is! He is on his way there now!

GREAT HEAVENS! HOW COULD THAT SECRET AGENT HAVE FOUND OUT? I'D BETTER...

ANNA RACED FROM THE APARTMENT... TO A DESOLATE HIDEAWAY, WHERE...

RADIO OUR AGENTS! THE CAPITALISTIC SWINE HAVE SOMEHOW LEARNED WHERE MCBRIDE HAS BEEN TAKEN!

AND AT A CABIN IN THE REMOTE CANADIAN WILDERNESS...

REVELATION THAT DIPLOMAT HECTOR MCBRIDE HAS QUIT HIS COUNTRY IS STILL ROCKING AMERICA! SECURITY MEASURES ARE BEING TIGHTENED, MILITARY CODES CHANGED...

OUR PLAN WORKS BRILLIANTLY...THE FOOLS BELIEVE EVERYTHING! THE PEOPLE WILL NOW BEGIN TO DISTRUST THEIR LEADERS! IT IS A GREAT VICTORY FOR US!

I GUESS MY HOPE OF GETTING THROUGH A MESSAGE FLOPPED...

COMRADES! RADIO MESSAGE FROM ANNA...THE AMERICAN DOGS HAVE DISCOVERED WHERE WE ARE! THEY ARE COMING...

IMPOSSIBLE!

MEANWHILE, HIGH IN THE SKIES ABOVE...

THERE'S PINE LAKE, MR. LONG...AND THAT CABIN MUST BE THEIR HIDEOUT! I'LL LAND IN A CLEARING THIS SIDE OF IT!

WE'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE IF WE SPLIT FORCES, CORPORAL! I'LL JUMP IN MY CHUTE AND COME IN ON THE CABIN FROM THE NORTH SIDE! YOU TAKE THE SOUTH!

BE SEEN! YOU!

GOOD LUCK, SIR! I THINK WE'RE BOTH GOING TO NEED IT!

AND BELOW...

SO YOU SOMEHOW SENT THEM A SECRET MESSAGE, EH? WELL, IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, THANKS TO THE QUICK WORK OF OUR

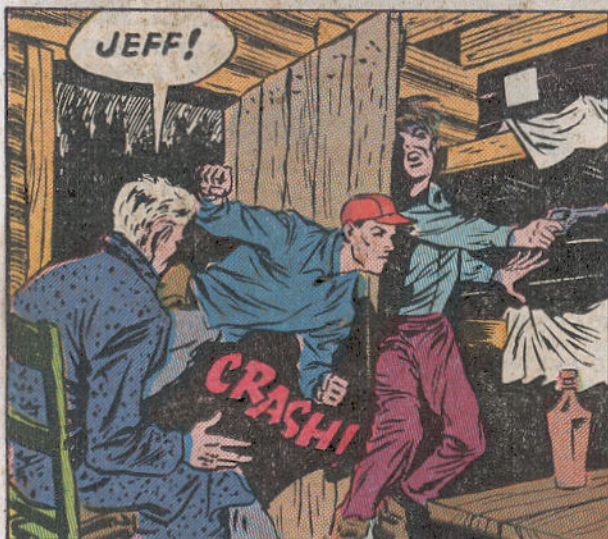
COMRADE, ANNA... YOUR FAITHFUL SECRETARY! IN HALF AN HOUR A SOVIET JET PLANE WILL BE HERE AND YOU WILL BE ON YOUR WAY TO MOTHER RUSSIA!

POW!

WE'D BETTER SCOUT AROUND TO SEE IF ANYONE'S APPROACHING!...GUARD HIM WELL, IVAN! SHOOT TO KILL IF YOU HAVE TO!

IN THE NEARBY UNDERBRUSH...

MADE IT! NOW COMES THE HARD PART! IF ONLY THE CORPORAL DOESN'T RUN INTO TROUBLE!





Surprise for SPIES

THE SPY GRINNED triumphantly. "Yes," he thought, "I've finally given the slip to those stupid U. S. counter-espionage agents who have been trailing me." Chortling maliciously to himself, he remembered the breathless chase through the streets of Washington, hopping in and out of cabs and buses...until at last he'd lost them. Yes, he was *positive* that none of the people in the small candy store with him were secret service agents.

Nevertheless, the spy glanced suspiciously around him. The fat proprietor seated behind the counter, the teen-age boy thumbing through the rack of comic books, the frowzy housewife buying a pack of cigarettes...none of them could possibly be agents...they were all merely stupid Americans whose country would soon be vanquished.

The spy glanced at his watch. "Still five minutes before I must call my confederate," he thought. "And since there are two phone booths here in the store, I'll wait right here."

"Holy cow!" the youngster suddenly exclaimed from the comic-book rack, "I just remembered I gotta phone my mother."

The boy walked up to the counter and slapped a quarter down. "Lemme have some change," he said to the fat proprietor.

The proprietor groaned. "You want me to get up from my chair and walk over to the cash register just to change a quarter? Have a heart, sonny...it's not easy to lift two hundred and sixty pounds off a chair. Maybe the man next to you has change."

"You got any change, mister?" the boy asked.

"Maybe," the spy said tightly. "Yes, here you are...two dimes and a nickel."

But a minute later, the boy shouted from the phone booth, "Hey, this phone is out of order...I don't get any signal!"

The proprietor groaned again. "So what do you want me to do...go over there and fix it myself? Go into the next booth."

The spy looked anxiously at his watch again. He'd have to go someplace else to place his call if the kid took more than a few minutes to make *his* call. Three minutes later, the spy got up impatiently...but then noticed that the boy was just hanging up.

Hurriedly entering the booth the boy had just vacated, the spy dialed his confederate's number. "Maxim?" he said a moment later. "This is Red six. Meet me at the southwest corner of the Washington Monument at midnight...and bring those secret defense plans you stole from the Pentagon. Yes, I myself will take those plans to our fatherland...What?... Yes, of course I'm sure no one is overhearing our conversation. See you at midnight, comrade."

But at midnight, two very surprised spies at the southwest corner of the Washington Monument found themselves surrounded by a small army of U. S. secret service men and police who seemed to materialize out of nowhere. There was a fierce but brief struggle...and when the spies were subdued and handcuffed, a young-looking fellow stepped out from behind the monument.

"You!" one of the spies gasped. "The boy in the candy store!"

"Sure," the fellow said, grinning. "I was put on your tail, too...because no one would suspect anybody who *looks* as young as me to be a full-fledged agent of the U. S. counter-espionage system! I had a small, battery-powered wire recorder with me. When I saw you looking at your watch and then at the phone booths, I knew you were going to make a call. So, I figured that the fat proprietor wouldn't get up to check on my story that one phone was out of order...so I told that lie, and then attached the recorder underneath the phone with a rubber suction cup. As soon as you left, I hurried with it to C. I. Headquarters, where your conversation was played back...and, well, you know the rest, sucker!"

This never happened to Your bike before!

The ALL new

U.S. ROYAL RIDER



"JET RIDE"

**Quicker on the getaway...
faster on the straightaway...
exciting new Pedal Power!**

- Pedals twice as easy as any other balloon tire made! Gives you Pedal Power that does what pedal-pumping once did! It's the "jet ride" design that does it! And you can coast 165% farther!
- Lasts Twice as Long as ordinary bike tires! Extra-tough rubber tread backed up by 3 layers of Super-strong Rayon. That's what makes it last!
- Maneuvers like a "Lightweight"—Special Steering Treads (narrow and streamlined) for real bike control.
- Grips and Holds the Road in all directions! The new Royal Rider tread clings on the curves—stops on a dime!

Be the first in your neighborhood with Royal Riders. Step away from the gang with "Jet Ride" today!

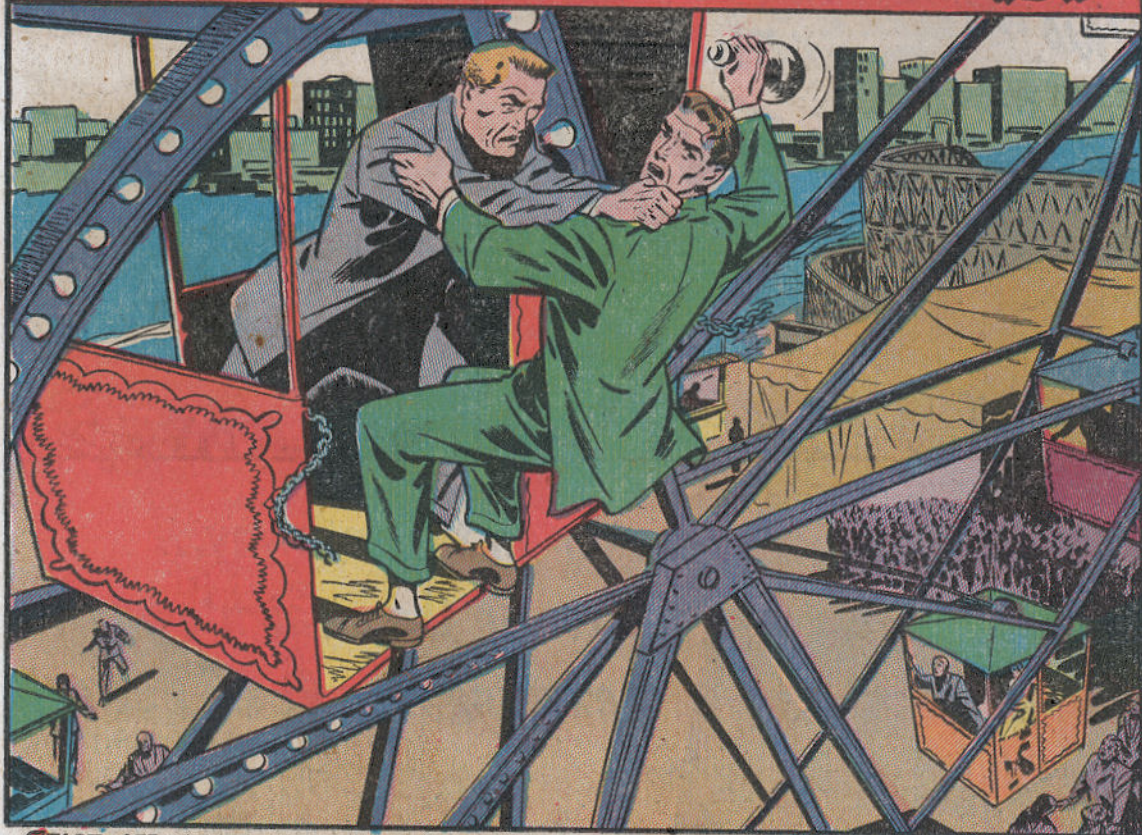


U.S. ROYAL

**BICYCLE
TIRES**

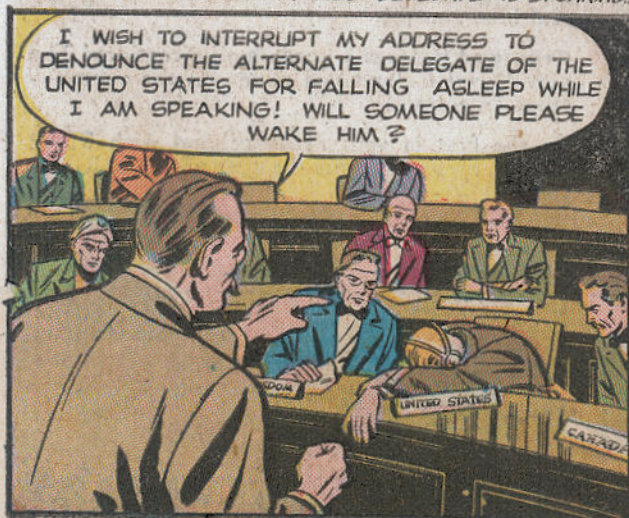
PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

MURDER STALKS NEW YORK



START OFF WITH A MURDER AT THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING IN NEW YORK...ADD A FIENDISH PLOT AGAINST THE LIVES OF ALL THE TEEMING MILLIONS IN THAT GREAT METROPOLIS---AND YOU'LL BEGIN TO REALIZE WHAT SECRET SERVICE AGENT FRANK TRAVIS WAS UP AGAINST! YES, JUST ONE MAN STOOD IN THE WAY OF THAT MURDEROUS MENACE---JUST ONE MAN COULD PREVENT THE CATASTROPHE THAT WOULD BLOT OUT MILLIONS OF LIVES AND PLUNGE THE WORLD INTO THE HOLOCAUST OF ATOMIC WAR!

IN THE UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, WHERE THE SLOVAKIAN RED DELEGATE IS SPEAKING...





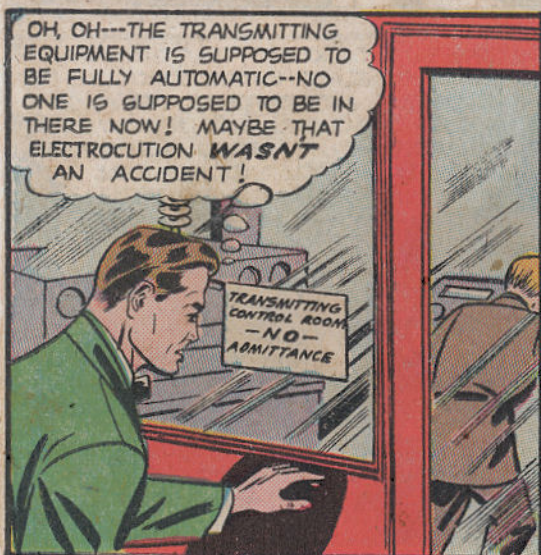
HIS SKIN HAS
TURNED BLuish---
HE HAS THE
UNMISTAKABLE
SIGNS OF HAVING
BEEN
ELECTROCUTED!

WE'D BETTER CALL THE
U.S. SECRET SERVICE
AGENT IN CHARGE OF
U.N. SECURITY!

YOU WON'T
HAVE TO---
**I'M
ALREADY
HERE!**



I'M **FRANK TRAVIS**, GENTLEMEN
---U.S. SECURITY AGENT! HAMM,
SO HE WAS ELECTROCUTED, EH?
WELL, THE ONLY THING THAT
COULD HAVE CAUSED IT ARE
THOSE EARPHONES---THINK I'LL TAKE
A RUN UP TO THE CONTROL ROOM
AND CHECK ON THE
POWER OUTPUT!



OH, OH---THE TRANSMITTING
EQUIPMENT IS SUPPOSED TO
BE FULLY AUTOMATIC--NO
ONE IS SUPPOSED TO BE IN
THERE NOW! MAYBE THAT
ELECTROCUTION **WASNT**
AN ACCIDENT!

TRANSMITTING
CONTROL ROOM
-NO-
ADMITTANCE



**W
H
A
M!**

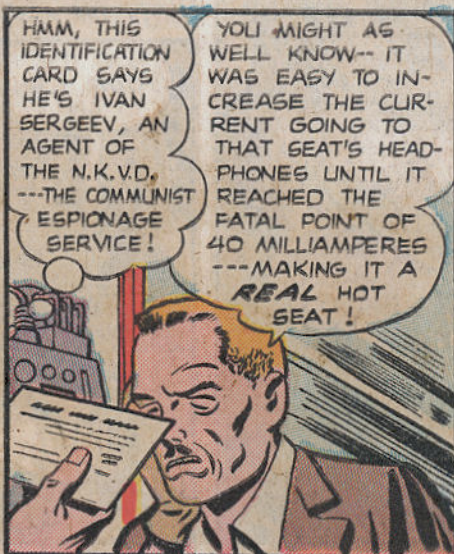
**GOT
YOU!**



STOP---I
...I
SURRENDER--!

YOU **BET** YOU
SURRENDER---
AND **THIS** OUGHT
TO TAKE ALL THE
STARCH OUT OF
YOU!

POW!



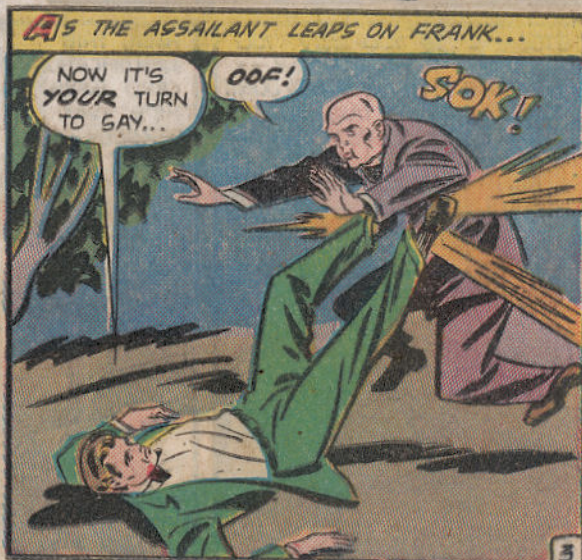
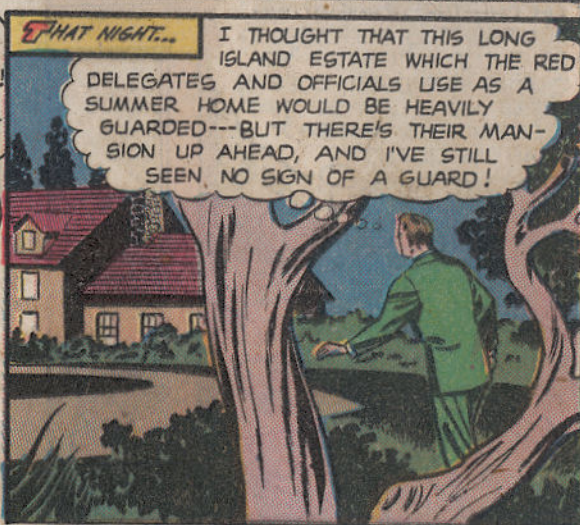
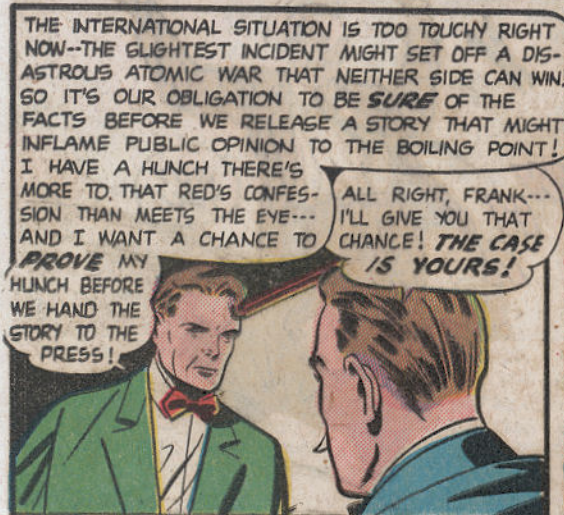
HMM, THIS
IDENTIFICATION
CARD SAYS
HE'S IVAN
SERGEEV, AN
AGENT OF
THE N.K.V.D.,
---THE COMMUNIST
ESPIONAGE
SERVICE!

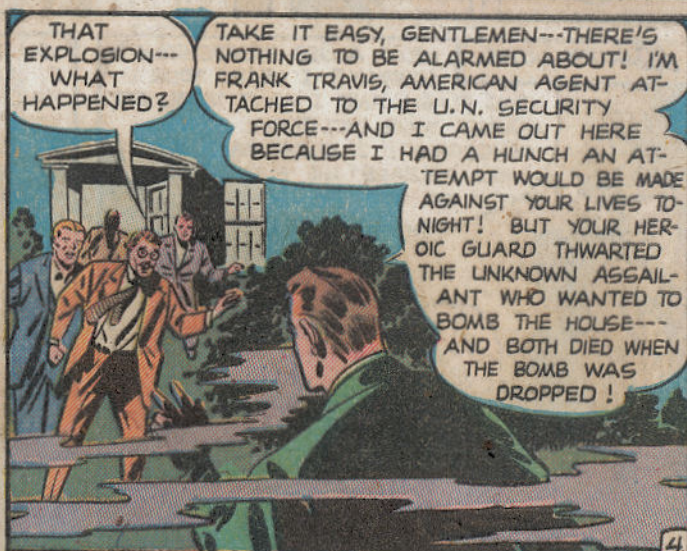
YOU MIGHT AS
WELL KNOW-- IT
WAS EASY TO IN-
CREASE THE CUR-
RENT GOING TO
THAT SEAT'S HEAD-
PHONES UNTIL IT
REACHED THE
FATAL POINT OF
40 MILLIAMPERES
---MAKING IT A
**REAL HOT
SEAT!**

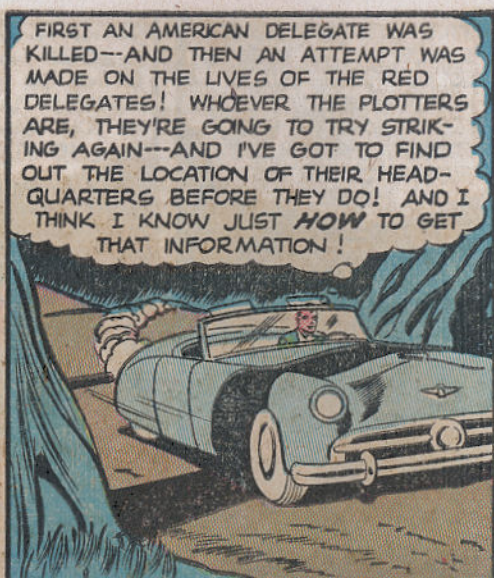


YEAH?
---WELL,
**YOU'LL
BURN
FOR
THIS,
RAT!**

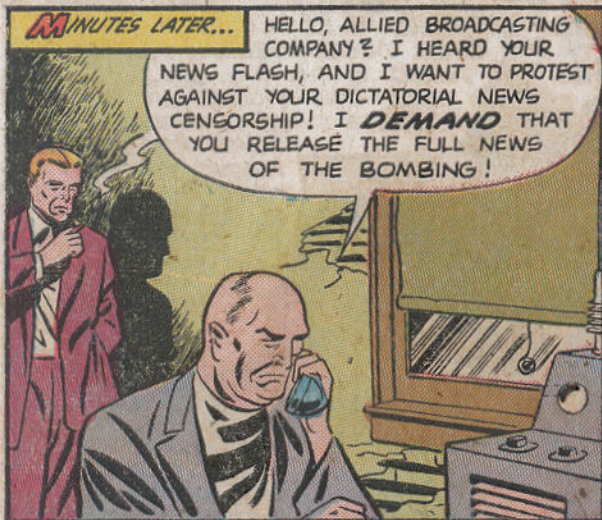
NO, I WON'T
---I'VE JUST
SWALLOWED
A **CYANIDE
PELLET!**
I WILL BE
DEAD WITHIN
**THREE
MINUTES!**

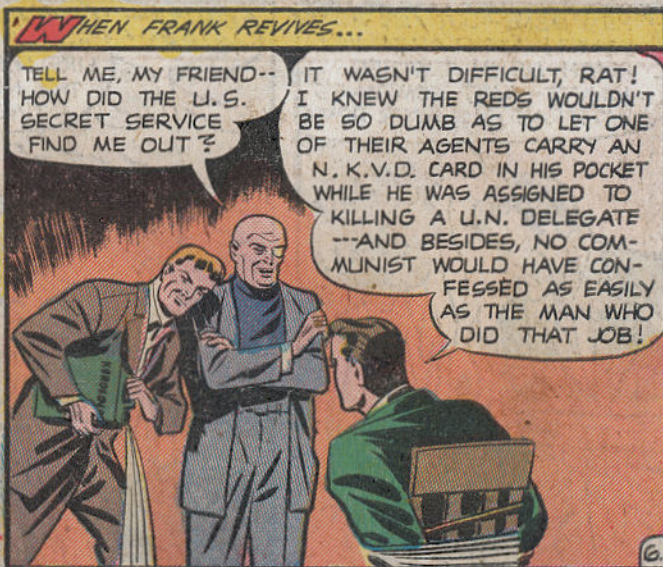
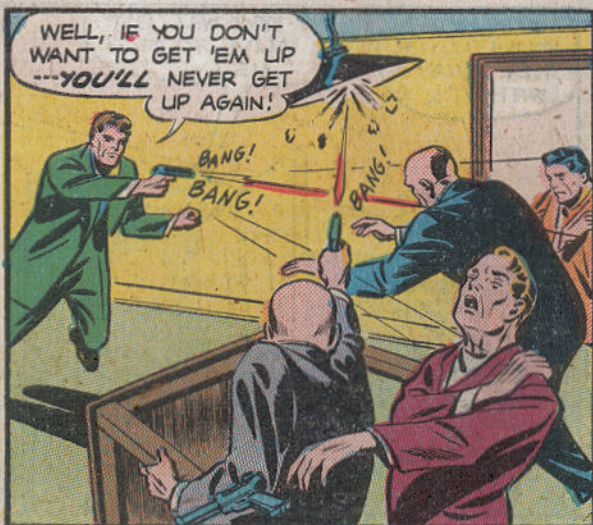
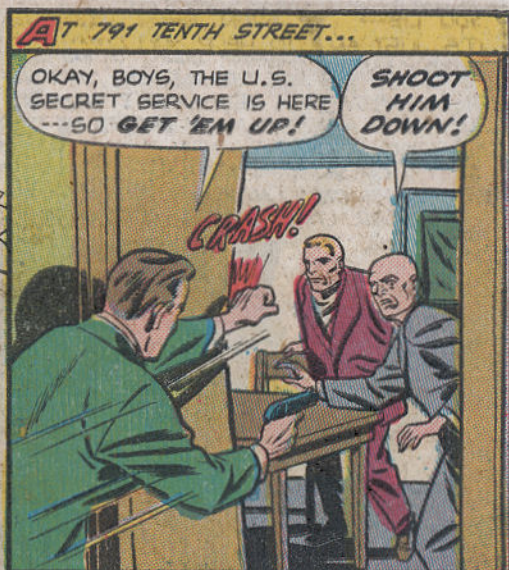
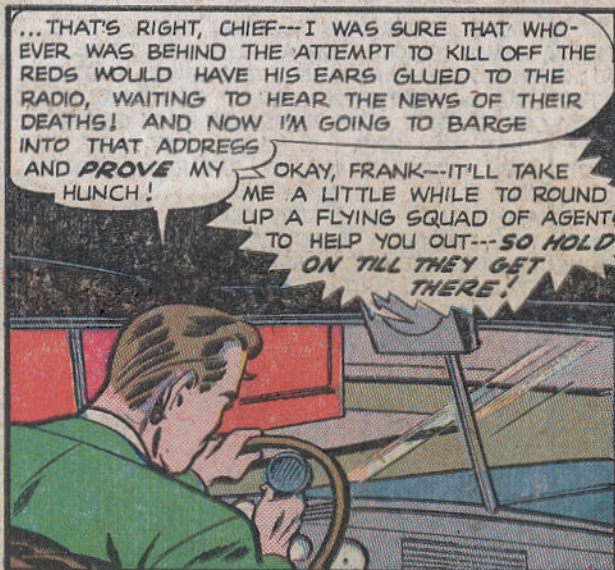






AN HOUR LATER, AT THE STUDIOS OF THE ALLIED BROADCASTING COMPANY...





SO I FIGURED OUT THAT SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO PULL A RED HERRING TRICK, TRYING TO BLAME THE COMMUNISTS FOR THE MURDER! THAT MEANT THE KILLER **WASN'T** A RED---AND I WANTED TO FIND OUT HIS TRUE NATIONALITY. BEFORE HE DIED FROM THE POISON! SINCE I KNEW THAT A MAN IN THE THROES OF SUDDEN UNBEARABLE PAIN WILL CRY OUT IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE, NO MATTER HOW MANY OTHER LANGUAGES HE KNOWS, I USED A JUDO HOLD TO MAKE HIM CRY OUT "**ACH!**"--- WHICH TOLD ME HE WAS A **GERMAN!**

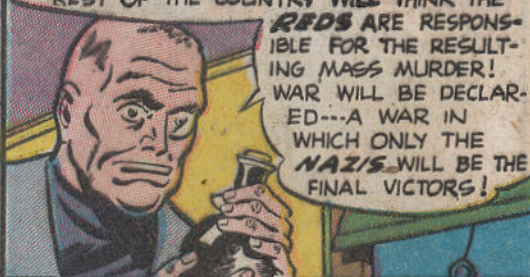


THE ONLY GERMANS FANATICAL ENOUGH TO COMMIT SUICIDE FOR A CAUSE WOULD BE THE **NAZIS**--- WHO WANT TO FOMENT ANOTHER WAR SO THAT **THEY** COULD RETURN TO POWER AFTER BOTH SIDES DESTROYED EACH OTHER! THAT WAS HOW I GUESSED THAT YOUR NEXT STEP WOULD BE TO KILL THE RED DELEGATES AND BLAME THE AMERICANS--- SO THAT THE REDS MIGHT DECLARE WAR IN RETALIATION! BUT I THWARTED THAT PLOT!



VERY CLEVER, BUT YOU ARE NOT AS CLEVER AS I--- GESTAPO COLONEL HANS GERHARDT, LEADER OF THE WORLDWIDE NAZI UNDERGROUND!

I STILL HAVE MY TRUMP CARD---A BOTTLE OF THE DEADLY GERMAN "TABLIN" NERVE GAS, IMPROVED AND PERFECTED AT THE VERY END OF THE LAST WAR! A FEW OUNCES CAN WIPE OUT NEW YORK CITY'S ENTIRE POPULATION! WHEN I BREAK THIS BOTTLE ATOP THE PALISADES ACROSS THE RIVER, THE PREVAILING WINDS WILL BLOW THE GAS THROUGHOUT THE CITY---AND THE REST OF THE COUNTRY WILL THINK THE



REDS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RESULTING MASS MURDER! WAR WILL BE DECLARED---A WAR IN WHICH ONLY THE **NAZIS** WILL BE THE FINAL VICTORS!

YOU FIEND--- YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!

HA--- YOU WILL NOT BE ALIVE TO STOP ME!



HE'S GONE---BUT I'M A GONER! THE FLAMES WILL REACH ME IN ANOTHER MINUTE---WAIT---SOMEONE'S BATTERING THE DOOR DOWN!



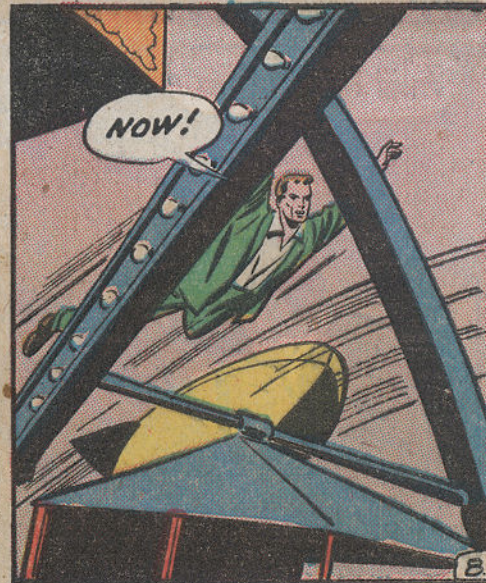
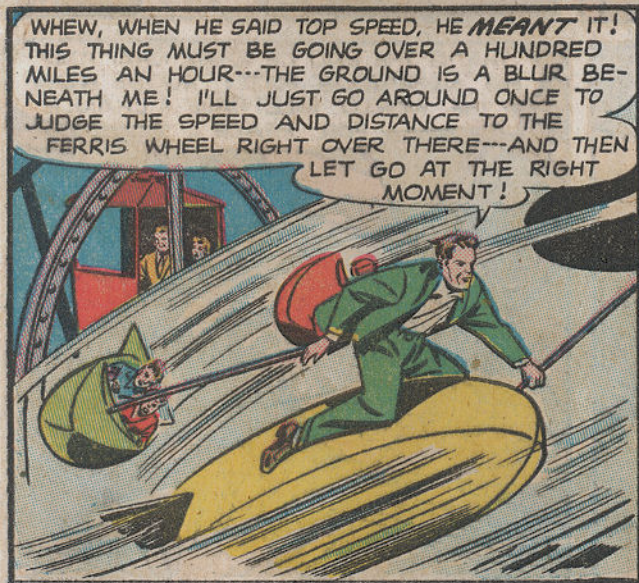
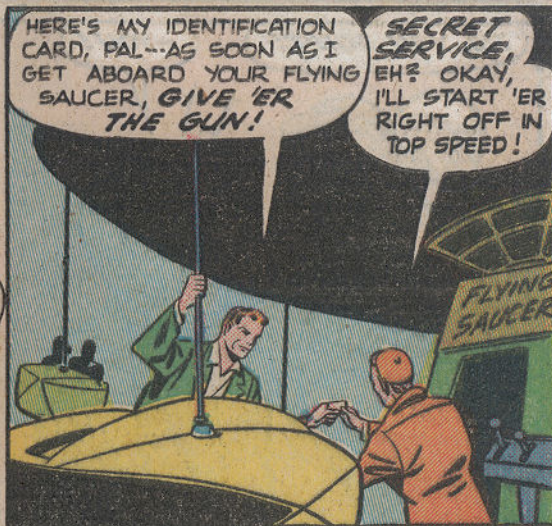
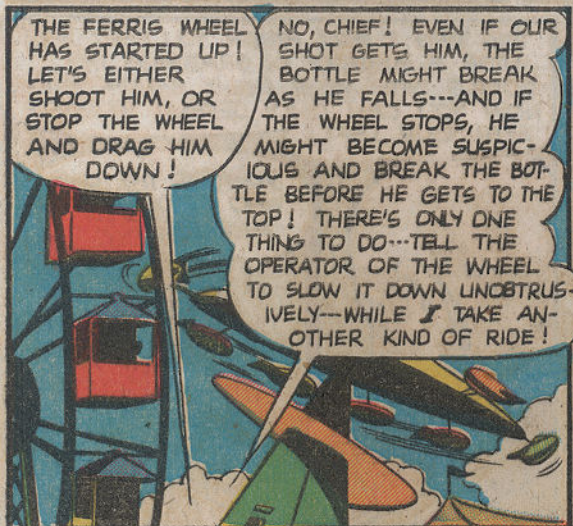
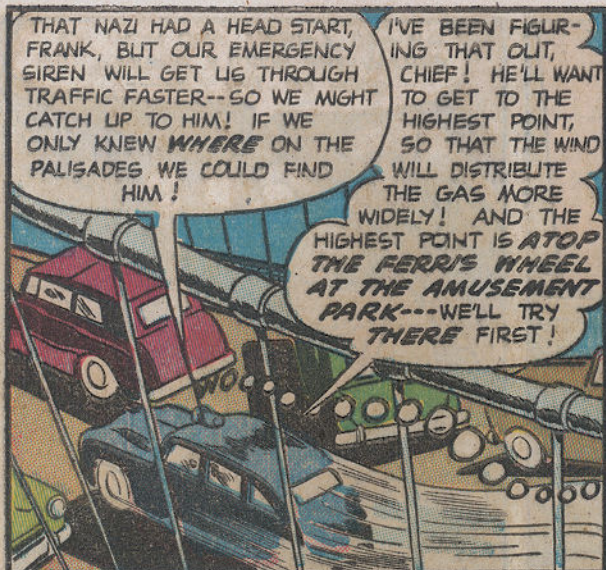
CHIEF--- HURRY!

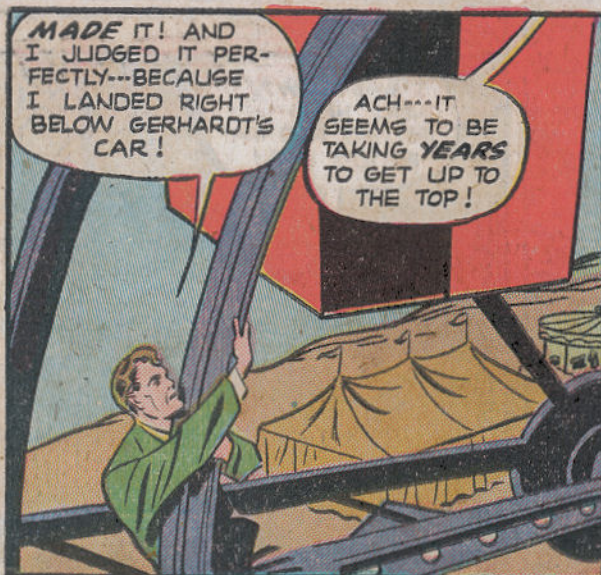
IT'S **FRANK**---AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN THE NICK OF TIME!



NEVER MIND THE BURNING HOUSE---WE'VE GOT A **BIG-GER** CONFLAGRATION TO STOP---**ANOTHER WORLD WAR!** LET'S GET OUT TO THE PALISADES---**FAST!**







The SPYING SON

THE TIME, THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.—THE PLACE, THE HEADQUARTERS TENT OF TARQUIN THE PROUD, THE ROMAN KING WHO WAS BE-SIEGING THE CAPITAL OF THE GABII, ARCH ENEMIES OF THE ROMANS—

FOR MONTHS WE HAVE ASSAULTED THE WALLS OF THAT ACCURSED CITY —AND EACH TIME, THE GABII HAVE REPULSED US WITH HEAVY LOSSES! NOW, SEXTUS, MY SON— IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO ATTEMPT

ALONE WHAT OUR WHOLE ARMY FAILED TO ACCOMPLISH!

I AM YOURS TO COMMAND, MY FATHER!

MINUTES LATER, THE GABII LINING THE WALLS OF THEIR CITY A BARE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY FROM THE ROMAN HEADQUARTERS TENT SAW A STRANGE SIGHT—

LOOK—WHO IS THAT BEING WHIPPED FROM THE TENT OF TARQUIN?

WHEN THE GABII RECOGNIZED THE BLEEDING, STAGGERING YOUTH WHO FLED TO THE GATES OF THEIR CITY AS IF FOR REFUGE FROM HIS TORMENTOR—

IT IS TARQUIN'S SON, SEXTUS! HOLD YOUR SPEARS AND LET HIM INTO THE CITY—HE WILL BE A VALUABLE PRISONER!

THE GATES WERE OPENED JUST LONG ENOUGH TO ALLOW SEXTUS TO ENTER—AND THE YOUNG ROMAN FELL GASPING AT THE FEET OF THE GABII CHIEFS!

HELP ME—GET REVENGE—AGAINST MY FATHER—AND I WILL HELP YOU— DESTROY HIS ARMY!

THIS MAY BE A CUNNING TRICK TO LEAD US INTO A TRAP! YOU ARE OUR PRISONER—UNTIL WE ARE CONVINCED OF YOUR HATRED

TOWARD YOUR FATHER!

The next day—

I WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT I CAN BE TRUSTED! I HAVE DRAWN A MAP SHOWING THE WEAKNESSES IN THE RING OF SIEGE AROUND YOUR CITY—AND IF YOU ATTACK HERE TONIGHT, YOU WILL CAPTURE MANY WAGONS FULL OF ARMS AND EQUIPMENT—AND KILL MANY ROMANS!

WE WILL TRY YOUR ADVICE—BUT IF IT IS A TRAP FOR US, YOUR HEAD WILL ROLL BEFORE MORNING!

THAT NIGHT, WHEN A GABII BAND STRUCK AT THE WEAK POINT—

SEXTUS WAS RIGHT—WE'LL SEIZE THE WAGONS AS BOOTY AND KILL AS MANY ROMANS AS WE CAN BEFORE RETREATING TO THE CITY!





YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK
AT HIM
NOW!

Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?
CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



**Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM**

**And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM**

for building Real HE-MEN

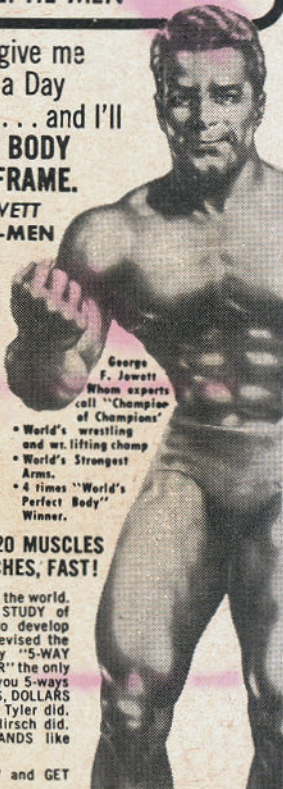
Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home... and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are. If you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a **Champion of Champions.**

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS.** Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN,** a **WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

George F. Jowett
Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"
• World's wrestling and wt. lifting champ
• World's Strongest Arms.
• 4 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.



FREE!

If you mail coupon NOW

1 MUSCLE METER
2 JOWETT'S Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

His amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN**

NOW LET ME MAKE YOU A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



This may be Your LAST chance to GET AMAZING NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER

All these **5 Picture** Packed **COURSES** on He-Man Building for only while supply lasts!

10¢

MILLIONS have been sold for **\$1 and more**

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"** the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO...**

MAIL COUPON NOW and GET

BOTH FREE!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

DEPT. AM-25

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 **HE-MAN** Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Mighty He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D.'s).

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN".
—R. F. Kelley
Physical Director

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

FREE

Photo Book How to Achieve Nerves of Steel Muscles of Iron

How to Build **MIGHTY ARMS**

How to Build **A MIGHTY CHEST**

How to Build **A MIGHTY GRIP**

How to Build **A MIGHTY BACK**

How to Build **MIGHTY LEGS**

How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN



An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

DRAW The First Day

**NO LESSONS!
NO TALENT!**

You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—
Like An Artist...Even if You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line!

Anyone can Draw With This
Amazing New Invention—
Instantly!



Complete for only
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Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch, or paint anything now... the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet or paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish. Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc. — indoors or outdoors! No other lessons or practice or talent needed!

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have — which may lead to a good paying art career.

FREE!

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This valuable illustrated guide is yours **FREE** with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Easy ABC art tricks that anyone can follow on different techniques, effects, proportions, perspectives, shading, color, animated cartoons, human figures to use with "Magic Art Reproducer" for added touches to your drawings.

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ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER
TYPE OF DRAWING!

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scapes, buildings



• Copy photos, other pic-
tures, portraits, etc.



• Still life, vases, bowls of
fruit, lamps, furniture, all
objects



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decorations, etc. for wood-
work, machine, for needle-
work, crocheting, knitting



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Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

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